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# POLITICS REGAINED

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*"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."*



# POLITICS REGAINED

BY

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WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

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## INTRODUCTION

“Know, therefore, when my season comes to sit  
On David’s throne, it shall be like a tree  
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,  
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
All monarchies besides throughout the world,  
And of my kingdom there shall be no end.  
Means there shall be to this ; but what the means  
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.”

“Who ever, by consulting at thy shrine  
Returned the wiser or the more instruct  
To fly or follow what concerned him most  
And run not sooner to his fatal snare ?  
For God hath justly given the nations up  
To thy delusions ; justly, since they fell  
Idolatrous.”





## ULYSSES

---

**"To the winds they set  
Their corners when with blusters to confound."**

---

Now welcome, Brother, from thy pilgrimage  
Across the sea!  
Didst find it free.  
Or in its foaming rage  
Compelling tribute from thine innermost  
As on its surge thou tosst?  
Or didst thou soothe  
Its yeasty undulations  
As were they warring nations  
With Delphic phrase and make them smooth?  
What bringest thou within thy leathern scrip  
Back from thy trip  
To keep thy self-sought tryst  
Where God grinds at His mill  
All-patient and All-just? Didst fill  
Thy scrip with wholesome grist  
To give thy people of their staff  
Of life and nourishment,  
Or hast thou spent  
Their substance for but chaff?  
Or shall they find that thou hast pinned  
Their faith again to wind?  
The gifts of Aeolus with all the craft  
Of sailoring Ulysses wrought in vain  
Could not prevail against the Gods to waft  
His puny ship back to its port again.  
So, tossing empty windbags overside  
And reefing veering sail to futile mast  
With valiant hearts their own strong arms they plied  
And came to long lost Ithaca at last.

## THE SHIP

---

“Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.”

---

Swift through black squalls and driving snow  
Surged the great ship of State  
The “Washington,”  
Blind in the murk but speeding on  
Her course true to her loyalty that Fate  
Was kind her Captain at her bow.  
Then crackled loud the wireless  
And crafty words and veiled hypocracies  
Sped forth; threats that unless  
The Truth be gagged with lies  
Chaos would rule, and that the land  
Upon whose stern and rock-bound coast first stand  
For freedom in the new world hithersea  
By those brave seekers for the Truth and Liberty  
Had been maintained would stand in shame  
Before the world.  
Then did the great ship groan  
That from her decks Untruth had flown  
Abroad to be proclaimed,  
And sought to hurl herself upon the rocks  
That she remain unshamed  
Before such mocks  
Of her great name.

## REBIRTH

---

**"For Chaos heard his voice."**

---

Now has the world been born again!  
Not from the womb of Space  
But from a fountain pen,  
And in the place  
Of Universal Law to save it from the brink  
Of Chaos shall it gravitate  
By virtue of a document of state  
Writ by the midwife's hand in turgid ink.

## ANACHARSIS

---

**"Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce."**

---

Just as old Anacharsis Clootz  
Shot off his own pet League of Nations,  
So now our Mr. Wilson shoots  
The same old stuff in his orations.  
An hundred years and more are gone  
Since rocket-like it rose on high  
When Anacharsis touched it off,  
Stick-like upon the earth to die.  
Yet seemingly, die it did not  
But got put into an asylum  
And now escaped seeks the old spot  
And newer listeners to beguile 'em.  
Sans vision, teeth, and everything  
That gives to strength of life its glow,  
With halting steps, from senile mind  
It prates of things which are not so.  
But though the listeners understand  
It's folly, they are kindly men,  
And listening wait to take its hand,  
Back to the Old Folks' Home again.

## THE LEAGUE

---

**"Oh argument blasphemous, false and proud."**

---

"He kept us out of war."

Now that its thunders cease

He sets his will as law

And keeps the world from peace.

With cart before his horse

Fast hitched, on single track,

He cannot make the course,

He will not back.

A League? So be it, when the job is done

That makes France safe and Belgium's wrongs repaired;

Then let it be a league against the Hun,

Not one to coddle him that he be spared,

And set in company with honest men,

That he may seek to cut their throats again.

## THE INTERPRETERS

—“with grave  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed  
A pillar of state.”

With covenants and Leagues a-whirl within my head,  
Sonorous phrases circling through my mind,  
I sought my bed,  
Perchance some peace to find.  
I dreamed,  
And first it seemed  
I stood within a burial place  
Beneath great cypresses with rows on rows  
Of marble monuments to those  
Who having served to keep  
The Law  
Now for a space  
Sought likewise rest in sleep.  
It might not be.  
“Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!”  
Proclaimed a voice  
And left no choice  
But listen to its words. Then came  
In tones melodious, lofty, the self-same  
Preamble ambulating on  
That I had sought to flee  
When bedward I had gone.

Then as the Articles winged forth in their full flight  
Of phrase I seemed to hear the sound  
As of one in sore plight  
Beneath the ground,  
As though he groaned and turned  
Upon the grid whereon he burned.  
Then the sod broke  
And at my hand upsat  
Sir Edward Coke.  
“God’s Blood, what’s that!”  
He spoke.  
Then as the Voice intoned another Article profound  
There groaned another sleeper from the ground

And William Blackstone sat up in his grave.  
Cried he, "Me Lud, The Councillor doth rave!"  
Stayed not the Voice upon its course  
But went from bad to worse,  
And as some fierce volcanic wrench  
Had wrought beneath the sod  
The mighty Eldon rose as to his bench  
And roared "My God!"  
So sat they listening till the Voice was spent.  
Then said the Chancellor, "if be it the intent  
That we do now discover what is meant  
By these fair words and phrases fine  
So that men may divine  
The workings of this instrument  
I say it is too much for me.  
Ned, William, do you both agree?"  
And nodding as the Gods so nodded the Big Three.  
Then said the Chancellor "Let this be the decree."  
And banging on his coffin with his fist,  
"With costs; the bill's dismissed!"

## PETER

---

"Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek  
In Golgotha him dead who lives in Heaven."

---

Within a cave among the hills and rocks  
The holy Peter sat.  
Not he who was the Rock whereon was reared  
The mighty edifice of Rome;  
The man of righteous wrath  
With sword in hand  
Who sought to save his Master from the end  
He sought  
That His will might be done;  
He who went forth, the seeking found,  
Among the people of the earth  
To tell them of the words his ears had heard  
Straight from the Master's tongue  
In all their privy,  
But one who sat apart from all mankind,  
Blind to the earthly burdens borne,  
Deaf to all human speech,  
But seeing visions in the cavern gloom  
And hearing voices singing in his ears  
He deemed celestial.  
So was he obsessed,  
Lost to the living Truth those words had told,  
That dwelt he sole upon the Sepulchre  
Wherein He who had spoke those words  
Did lie.  
This place lay in the power of the Infidels  
And must be saved  
Or all the world was lost;  
And he who led to save it from the Saracens  
Would be a greater one in God's own eyes  
Than Gregory the Pope at Rome himself.  
So came he down from out the desert place  
And preached  
With all the pent up fire long suppressed  
That they who would their own salvation find  
Must follow him full faith  
Where voice and visions led.



The peoples heard,  
Inflamed, and gathered in a multitude,  
And leagued themselves, blind in the new taught faith,  
To set their eyes upon the Holy Sepulchre  
And see naught else between.  
Then fared they eastward forth  
With Peter in the lead,  
Knights clad in armor, bearing lance and sword,  
Men, women, old and young, unarmored save in faith,  
And little children singing in great companies  
As sought they Him who loved them more than all.  
These unprovisioned Peter led,  
Eyes blinded with the glory of his quest  
And of his own to be.  
First fell the children on the way  
To seek His side from utter weariness.  
Then those whose bodies failed  
As spirit flagged.  
Then those who naked stood before the darts  
Of the Hungarians.  
Then those who starved.  
Then those who fell too weak to rise again  
From out the bogs that sucked them down  
To die.

## THE LOBBYIST

---

**"He, leading swiftly rolled  
In tangles and made intricate seem straight  
To mischief swift."**

---

Master or minion of another's mind,  
The chooser by the chosen set  
At his right hand,  
The one  
Of all his hundred million fellow citizens  
Alone deemed fit  
To enter in the silences  
And watch the incubation  
Of the Newer Universe;  
Unlearned,  
Swift argosies of Magi from the West  
Consigned to him on S. O. S.  
To prime him with the things he does not know,  
And yet proclaimed as wise  
Despite his written words,  
And thrust as peer  
Upon the gathered wisdom of the heirs  
Of centuries  
That he the gamester self-proclaimed  
Of peanut politics  
May deal and shuffle in the game  
With Fate.  
Through him the Nation, dumb,  
Is held to speak  
In furtive whispers of the lobbyist.  
Through him the Nation, blind,  
Is held to grope  
Gunshoed and pussyfoot,  
Tiptoeing through the corridors of palaces.  
Through him,  
The biggest boss or bluff  
In all its history,  
The Nations' will and purpose have become  
A joke.

## THE BRETHREN

---

"Attended with ten thousand saints  
He onward came; far off his coming shone.

"And live in thee transplanted and from thee  
Receive new life."

---

The volley! muffled drums!  
Taps!  
And the silence of the ages comes.  
With sobs and sorrow pent  
And faces grim  
Stands fast his regiment,  
Eyes dim with love of him  
God-given in name and deed  
To lead  
In time of need.  
The drums!  
Swift stands intent  
The regiment.  
Up comes his charger's crest.  
He neighs, as had he gazed  
Upon his master's shade.  
Then forward sways  
To sob of heart and throb of drum  
The regiment, whence it had come,  
North, south, east, west,  
To bear his word like flaming sword  
Throughout the land he loved the best.  
On shall it go  
Immortal, through the land,  
Throughout the world;  
Its task that it unmask  
Hypocrisy and lay it low.  
And with his standard of the Right unfurled  
Fight for it to the death  
As fought to his last breath  
He who still leads it on  
To Victory won.

Once more the drums,  
No longer throbbing with the grief  
For the great chief  
They mourned,  
But as the tumult of the ocean comes  
With rising overwhelming tide  
Of wrath  
Against the puny things endured and scorned  
Man builds across its path  
Now to be hurled aside.  
Unswathed, the banner of the regiment  
Gleams like the sign set in the sky  
God sent,  
Guidon of Truth and Right,  
As onward to the fight  
The ranks go marching by  
With one of lion heart and staunch as oak  
In lead  
Upon the gallant steed  
Who heard his voice alone  
Of all who spoke  
His hero gone.  
So the great mother of us all  
First heard these things,  
And brushing from her eyes the tears,  
Then saw. Death in his pall  
Fled on his grisly wings  
With all his fears  
From Life regained,  
And as the leader reined  
And leaped down from his seat  
To kneel in service at her feet  
Her sword unstained  
She raised, and with its flaming blade  
Gave him the accolade.  
"Rise up!" she said,  
"My knight and champion.  
Lead on!"

## LA PUCELLE BLESSEE

---

"Great are thy virtues."

---

France lies as that one fallen among thieves  
Beside the path  
As lay she when the nations came in righteous wrath  
And drove the thieves away.  
Still by her side they stay  
And each one grieves  
Within its heart for her grown weak  
From ravishment and wounds  
Each one as glorious as those from which redounds  
The glory of the One who saved mankind.  
And as the nations saw so shall they seek  
Those wounds to bind.

Now comes the High Priest of the Pharisees.  
His heart the inner shrine  
Of righteousness of self.  
Upon his brow white shine  
His broad phylacteries  
Of holiness. Intent on place or pelf  
He hastens on his way  
To seek what he may find  
To make his own,  
Nor will he turn his face or stay  
Although he hears her groan  
But to her wounds wills that his eyes be blind.

## TO FRANCE

---

"For good unknown sure is not had, or, had  
And yet unknown, is as not had at all."

---

Nay France, 'tis not America that speaks!  
Not she that seeks  
To thrust a canting brotherhood  
With murderers upon the men who stood  
Against their might and lust;  
Who said "they shall not pass!"  
And made them bite the dust.  
Lose not your trust,  
That trust so late deserved  
So hardly won  
Now war is done!  
'Tis not America! It is one man who speaks.  
One man, and he the same  
Who voiced the coward claim  
Of proud poltroonery as hers;  
One in whose heart there stirs  
The fluid of a fish;  
The one who voiced the wish  
That you come not victorious to peace;  
The one who did not cease  
To prate and palter on for years  
Until his fears  
For his own self-advancement now allayed  
Turned into hopes for more,—  
But not before.  
So was your sister stayed.  
That is the voice you hear,  
The voice of one apart.  
Soon shall her own voice speak.  
She will not break  
Your heart!

## THE HIGH COMMAND

---

"I commanded the Twenty-Sixth Division."

Woodrow Wilson at Boston, February 1919.

"And thou in military prowess next,  
Gabriel."

---

Said Sargent Johnny Cassidy to Corp'ril Jimmy Shea  
"What in the love uv Hivv'n's this the paper has to say!  
'There ain't no sinse into it. 'The types must ha' got mixt.  
'The Prisidint warn't in command o' the Ould Twenty-  
sist'."

"Who says he was," says Jimmy.

"Himself," says Sargent John.

"The hell he was," says Jimmy.

"He's givin' youse the con."

Said Sargent Johnny Cassidy to Corp'ril Jimmy Shea  
"'Twas Gin'ral Edwards on the ship when we sailed  
down the bay.

And thin I seen him Over 'There a-workin' at H. Q.  
I never seen the Prisidint a-takin' a review."

"Who says he did," says Jimmy.

"Himself," says Sargent John.

"Loike hell he did," says Jimmy.

"He's givin' youse the con."

Said Sargent Johnny Cassidy to Corp'ril Jimmy Shea  
"They run the 'Twenty-sixt' out there in somethin' loike  
this way.

'Twas Edwards passed the word to Cole, thin Logan to  
the byes.

God help me, on the Prisidint I niver laid me oiyes."

"Who says ye did," says Jimmy.

"Himself," says Sargent John.

"Loike hell ye did," says Jimmy.

"He's givin' youse the con."

Said Sargent Johnny Cassidy to Corp'ril Jimmy Shea  
"There's one damn thing I'm damn sure av, no matter  
what ye say.

I'm sure it warn't the Prisidint a-leadin' on ahead  
The toime I got meself me Hun and thin me junk o'  
lead."

"Who says it was," says Jimmy.

"Himself," says Sargint John.

"Loike hell it was," says Jimmy.

"He's givin' youse the con."

Said Sargint Johnny Cassidy to Corp'ril Jimmy Shea  
"There's one thing I'll not understand until me dyin' day.  
How could the Prisidint be there across at Schipperay  
And him adjournin' politics three thousand miles away!"

"Who said he was," says Jimmy.

"Himself," says Sargint John.

"Loike hell he was," says Jimmy.

"He's givin' youse the con."



## THE KINGS

---

"When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
Them whom he governs."

---

Where are the Kings of former days!  
The rulers by the Grace of God;  
The Caesars to whom it was held but meet  
To render what was theirs  
As common justice done  
By God's own Son:  
The Men on Horseback whose swift chargers trod  
The people underneath their feet  
The while the people chanted songs of praise;  
Now will the people with aught but a clod  
Greet Kings by the Grace of God?

Is He the power that upholds the rule  
Of looting, lustful murderers? Or of the tool  
Of half-taught ignorance that twists the Truth  
To lies upon the rack,  
Himself, self-seeking, impotent, but at his back  
A brutal mob? Then where good sooth  
Is God  
That he sends not again  
The Kingly Kings of men!

## PROHIBITIA

---

"The rule of not too much, by temperance taught."

---

Thy vices reft from thee,  
Sweet New Democracy,  
Of them I sing.  
Thy out- and indoor sports;  
Thy ancient rums and ports;  
At thy gilt framed resorts  
In vain we ring.

Only the memories  
Of thy lost liberties  
May with us stay.  
No more the ponies prance;  
Closed are thy games of chance;  
No more the passing glance  
Makes bright the day.

When comes upon the earth  
Of vices such a dearth,  
Death hath no sting.  
Wine may no longer flow;  
Women may come and go;  
Let every freeman know  
He still may sing!

## THE LEAGUERS

---

**"Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mixed  
Assemble, and harangues are heard."**

---

The tumult and the shouting dies ;  
The Bakers and the Tafts depart ;  
We listened to their joyous cries  
But no new thing did they impart.  
What is it we are going to get ?  
We don't know yet. We don't know yet.

Now fare they forth throughout the land  
To speak again as here they spoke,  
And soothe the people's loud demand  
That it may buy a pig in poke.  
What is it we are going to get ?  
We don't know yet. We don't know yet.

Some still benighted put their trust  
In what their fathers wrought and planned  
And are not blinded by word dust  
But wait until they understand.  
From frantic scheme and foolish word  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

## THE VOICE

---

**"for of whom such massacre  
Make they but of their brethren."**

---

Inspired by the thrilling Russian Voice  
Which calls to us to say what we desire;  
To say in what if anything our choice  
Is not as theirs; to what high aspirations higher  
Than had their spirit flown  
Would soar our own,—  
So did the Voice sound musical to him  
Like that of Cherubim,  
Him who hears but the voices of the air  
And shut his ears to that of his own land  
When it but asks that it may understand  
His ministry of things put in his care.  
This man then said that hand in hand  
We walked with them; sat with them at the salt upon  
the board;  
Their aspirations ours, ours theirs;  
With theirs our spirit soared,  
And to set free the two from all their cares,  
That Brotherhood should be and war should cease  
Proclaimed his program of 'The Perfect Peace,  
The only one that satisfied his soul;  
And that it might lead to a lofty goal  
He saw in vision vibrant from the thrills  
That he might gain himself, made it no worse;  
And no man might rehearse  
How pregnant was it of a myriad ills.  
Then by the might of valiant men  
Came Victory, but came not with it Peace.  
He bars the way.  
Now speaks the thrilling Voice again.  
No man can stay  
Nor will it cease.  
Now does he find it thrill  
Howling "Kill! Kill!"

## IN MEMORIAM

---

**"Shalt thou give law to God? Shalt thou dispute  
With Him the points of Liberty?"**

---

There were 14 peace points hanging on the wall.  
There were 14 peace points hanging on the wall.  
Take pitiless publicity down from the wall  
And there's thirteen peace points hanging on the wall.

There were 13 peace points hanging on the wall.  
There were 13 peace points hanging on the wall.  
Freedom of the seas comes down from the wall  
And there's twelve little peace points hanging on the  
wall.

There were 12 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
There were 12 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
Tariffs and duties come down off the wall  
And eleven little peace points are hanging on the wall.

There's 11 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
There's 11 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
Armies and navies come down off the wall  
And there's ten little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 10 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
There's 10 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
Take the colonies down from the wall  
And there's nine little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 9 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
There's 9 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
Hang Mr. Trotzky high on the wall  
And there's eight little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 8 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
There's 8 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
No one thinks of Belgium now at all  
And there's seven little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 7 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
There's 7 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
France takes her own back over the wall  
And there's six little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 6 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
There's 6 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
Italy gets what she wants, that's all.  
And there's five little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 5 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
There's 5 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall  
And there's four little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 4 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
There's 4 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
Down from the Balkans came another squall  
And there's three little peace points hanging on the wall.

There were 3 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
There were 3 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
Carve up Turkey, there's enough for all,  
And there's two little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 2 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
There's 2 little peace points hanging on the wall.  
Paderewski played in his home town hall  
And there's one little peace point hanging on the wall.

There was 1 little peace point hanging on the wall.  
There was 1 little peace point hanging on the wall.  
Knox knocked the box and the sox and all,  
And there's no little peace points hanging on the wall.

## THE IMMIGRANTS

---

"Before the gates there sat  
On either side a formidable shape."

---

Stood shivering on the Door-mat of Columbia  
Two cunning little Bolsheviks  
From far Fakeovia,  
Young Ivan Cutyourthroatovich,  
His little sister Alix Thengohangyourself,  
And pleading, sad-eyed, sought  
Admission  
To the hospitable door.

The kind warm-hearted door man opened wide,  
But Uncle Sam  
Who saw them from the settin' room  
Stood up in his big boots  
And said  
"See here, you let those imps of Satan  
In  
And I'll jest let ye know  
I'll kick you  
Out!"

## CYCLE

---

**"Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war."**

---

Against the hordes from out the East stood fast  
The Knighthood of the West ;  
Withstood the savage blast  
And charged with lance in rest.  
Skyward the war-cry rings!  
"Make safe the world for Kings!"

Against the Kings the Peoples of the earth  
Foregathered for the fray,  
To try the issue of the greater worth  
Of ruling self or rule by such as they.  
Skyward the Peoples' battle-cry!  
"We make the world safe for Democracy!"

Against the hordes from out the East stand fast  
The Peoples of the West  
But bending in the blast  
Of Worst against the Best.  
Skyward the slogan shrieks!  
"Make safe the world for Bolsheviks!"

Against the Worst the Best throughout the earth  
Foregathered for the fray,  
To try the issue of the greater worth  
Of Righteousness or rule by such as they.  
Forward the legions trod!  
"Make safe the world for God!"



## LEAGUE OF NATIONS

---

**“and the law of faith  
working through love upon their hearts shall write.”**

---

While Presidents and Premiers match minds  
With heads I win and tails you lose  
Behind closed doors and lowered blinds;  
While still more pointless the world finds  
The Fourteen Points than even it had thought  
And mutters “what’s the use;”  
While the millenium remains unwrought  
By magic of their spell, and still not yet  
Not even half a league have they progressed  
Onward to that great League they all professed  
To be so keen about  
When talking through their high silk hats abroad  
That looks so different sitting ’round the board  
With all its inwards out;  
While Peace alone is told to mind its business;  
While Prophets taking counsel whirl in dizziness  
As whirling dervishes, anoint with perspiration,  
Proclaim from addlement God-given inspiration;  
While waits the world to come into its own,  
Our little League of Nations here in town  
Goes on as it has done since its creation.

First coming into town, last going out,  
There comes a Yankee’s place. About  
An hundred rods beyond a Yorkshireman  
By birth, reborn American,  
Lives in an ancient house beneath the spread  
Of mighty elms that tower overhead.  
Their lands march side by side, and though a wall  
Of mossy stones sets off the bounds, yet stones will fall  
As though by hands unseen, and vagrant cows  
Stroll through enticing breach intent to browse  
On cabbages or corn, but not so far  
Has either neighbor girt himself for war  
And slain his neighbor and his neighbor’s wife  
And put his screaming children to the knife  
For even such more warrantable cause  
Than potentates are wont to find for wars.

Not far from these two fair-haired Vikings live,  
 And in their shop as busy as a hive  
 With hum of planer, lathe, and saw  
 Turn out the sleds and wagons for  
 Their neighbors on their farms. A son of France  
 By way of Canadaw now plants  
 His potat' in the field unfortified  
 Against the thrifty German on whose side  
 Of the low wall grow early peas  
 And rows on rows of luscious strawberries.  
 On up the road a swart Italian tends  
 His herd of cows and every morning sends  
 A bright platoon of milk cans to the train  
 And fetches them at night to fill again.  
 These are our Leaguers, neighbors each to each.  
 They need no fading covenants to teach  
 Their hearts wherein their greater interest  
 And duty lies; what is the best  
 In the long run, and that to over-reach  
 With guile or the high hand  
 Is not to become blest  
 In the ill-gotten thing or ill-done deed.  
 Each comes to each in time of need  
 In offered helpfulness. On call  
 For common need and service all  
 Respond fullhandedly, as when the lightning struck  
 The schoolhouse last July. The old hand truck  
 And chemical got on the job so quick  
 They had it out before the flames could lick  
 A shingle up. Another time a tough  
 Cheap crowd of motor sports came through  
 And stopped down at the store and thought they'd do  
 The place up, but enough  
 Good able-bodied Leaguers happened on the scene  
 To throw them out and into their machine  
 Although there was no covenant to treat 'em rough.  
 These things and more they do, unbound  
 By covenant or pact.  
 But for the common good as they have found  
 The knowledge of it do they act  
 As kindly helpful men the whole world round.  
 Nor do they seek to justify their works  
 By bleats of Brotherhood or their love for 'Turks.

## THE COVENANT

---

“The bold design  
Pleased highly those Infernal States.”

“To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not.”

---

When Man sets up his man-made laws in place  
Of those divinely made;  
When scribes on parchments set displayed  
Their manufactured terms in substitute for those the  
    grace  
Of God has put within Man's heart  
From which he may depart  
A while but not stand lost and strayed  
Save in disgrace;  
That which is out is out.  
That which is in is in.  
No more; that sin  
May be defined within the bound  
Of its four corners, that which is not found  
Therein so standing virtuous. So if he bind  
Himself that he not steal  
Then may he find himself and feel  
Full free to burn and slay, and flout  
The minions of the moral law  
Come pounding at his door to tell him its intent  
Was likewise in the instrument,  
Not out of it, when for  
That it should stay out did his lawyer draw  
The covenant, that thought be free  
Of conscience and morality.  
So if a man sees fit  
To bind himself to stand  
And look on children slain, and say that it  
Is nothing for his hand to stay  
Until another speaks,  
This may he do with covenant and seal,  
And yet how will he feel when comes the day  
That he stands all alone and knows he cannot stay  
Against the mob

Then come to slay or rob  
Him of his child, the while those others prate  
Of rights within the instrument and seek  
For loopholes in the deed that they may break  
Its law and likewise stand  
While he goes down beneath a bloody hand.  
Yet had the document been left undrawn  
Not one of them who signed who had not gone.  
"Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men  
Sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty  
To meet thine own."  
The false gods come when the true gods have flown.

## ACHILLES

---

**"The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat."**

---

Upon the platform of the League  
Stood he who builded it,  
Against the world intrigue  
That sought to lay it low.  
With dazzling words he gilded it  
Till that which was and that which was not so  
Blurred in refulgent glow.  
Up bounded to his side as great Achilles leaped  
From out his chariot on the plain of Troy  
Another one, in lore and wisdom steeped  
As Diomed had been in Stygian flood  
Save at the heel. This one, with shouts of joy  
As at salvation Sunday shown, proclaimed it good  
And started in to prove how black was white  
And white was black with all his weighty might.  
Old Democraticus himself was in the crowd,  
And looking up to him who stole his thunder  
Knew well that he would never be allowed  
Upon the platform, so he crawled in under,  
And with a hatchet trenchant as the one  
Which once laid low a famous cherry tree  
He smote the platform's props till all was done  
Save one last whack to save Democracy.  
He whacked. A flying nail like dart of steel  
Pierced the new convert in the heel,  
And as the platform fell fell he  
Upon the one who toyed with Destiny.  
So do the mighty fall from where they sit  
If speak they not the Truth, naught else, and all of it.

## LOHENGRIN

---

"Oh prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
Of utmost hope."

---

Sat tite within his littel bote  
Upon ye Stream of Wordes  
Now comes ye Happy Warrior  
Drawn by two gentil birdes.  
Drawn by two gentil birdes, sirs,  
Drawn by two gentil birdes.  
Now comes ye Happy Warrior  
Drawn by two gentil birdes.

"What is thy name," the Herald cried;  
"Thy armes I do not know."  
" 'Twas Lohengrin before ye warre;  
Now I am hight Woodrow."  
Now he is hight Woodrow, sirs, etc.

Then did he smite ye villayne sore  
Full straight on ye midriff  
And with a few well choosen wordes  
Despatched ye foul caitiff.  
Despatched ye foul caitiff, sirs, etc.

Clad in his snow-whyte panoply  
Free from all rust of pryde  
He deigned to take fair Elsa  
To be his promised bride.  
To be his promised bride, sirs, etc.

But 'ere the consummation  
Of their connubial blisse  
He took her forehead in his hands  
And planted a chaste kiss.  
And planted a chaste kiss, sirs, etc.

"My dear," he said in gentil toue,  
I prithee turne not pale,  
But I must hie to gay Paree  
To seek ye Holy Grail.  
To seek ye Holy Grail, sirs, etc.

And then he tore himself away  
And beat it for his shippe.  
Ye littel bote was all too frail  
To stand ye ocean trippe.  
To stand ye ocean trippe, sirs, etc.

And now by wireless he sends  
Kind messages to Elsa,  
And she, forsaken, trusting mayde,  
Believes all that he tells her.  
Believes all that he tells her, sirs, etc.

## LAOCOON

---

“thick swarming now  
With complicated monsters, head and tail.”

---

“Fear ye the Greeks when come they bearing gifts.  
That Horse which seeks admittance at our gates and lifts  
Its crest on high above our battlements  
As would it spy upon us represents  
But one more trick Ulysses has devised  
That Troy may be surprised.  
Destroy this thing nor tempt the Fates  
By dragging it within our gates.”

So spoke the priest of the Far-darting One,  
Laocoon,  
In the full truth the God had sent  
Like light into his heart,  
And with his two sons went  
Into the shrine, apart  
From all the discord and the mutterings  
Truth brings.

Then sought them there two serpents from the sea,  
Twin monsters of Untruth, and throwing fold on fold  
Around their limbs swift strangled them in agony  
That no more Truth be told.  
So let it be when Untruth men proclaim  
Within our walls! Then let Apollo send  
Upon their lies his light  
And Pythons twain the rostrum to ascend  
To end the shame  
And crush them in their might.



## THE CREELS

---

"In show plebeian Angel militant  
Of lowest order."

---

If ever once the Country gets the Truth,  
The whole of it  
And nothing but,  
With nothing shut  
Out from the light by those who minister to it;  
If only once they gave  
It white in all its nakedness  
Unclothed in fakedness  
Instead of swathed in veils  
Of words and phrases fit for fairy tales,  
Then in good sooth  
'Twould seek to find  
Had it gone blind  
Or did its ministers but rave.

## THE DRUMMER

---

"Bold deed thou hast presumed."

---

From the home office fared the drummer forth  
With sample case in hand.  
Yet samples bore he none  
Of the sound merchandise of worth  
His house put out and planned  
To send abroad now war was done  
To help rebuild the havoc of the Hun.  
That which he sought to sell in secret thought  
Was not for trunk or case,  
But in a brain distraught  
With dreams of power and place  
He carried schemes that could be bought  
For his own sole account  
So might he mount  
Though fell the credit of the house into disgrace.  
Came in expense accounts for dinners, wines, cigars,  
But still no business done.  
Long cabled messages of matching minds  
With other drummers sitting with closed blinds  
As drummers take their fun  
Up in their rooms or in the hotel bars.  
Then came a copy of a contract made, unauthorized.  
And as the partners read with eyes surprised  
They saw beyond a doubt  
That he had sold them out.

## THE SCOTCHMAN

---

Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.”  
“and found arms

---

A Scotchman once there was  
Who sat in an high place,  
Some said by God's good grace,  
So high he was he said above the laws  
He sat and flouted them, and claimed  
Prerogative that never had been named  
As his, and with a frowning brow  
Threatened the people's representatives  
Who dared to disallow  
His mandates at the peril of their lives.  
Then fell the hand of Fate upon his neck,  
And from the wreck  
Of broken oaths and covenants and wars  
He fled  
To save his head.  
'T was James of England. Who did you think it was?

## THE MEEK

---

**"Go whither fate and inclination strong  
Leads thee."**

---

Beyond four years we heard the awful roar  
From the hot throats of guns grown gruff  
From bellowing their wrath  
Without surcease.

Now bids it fair to be four more  
Before the orators will have enough  
Of words and start upon the path  
To Peace  
From loss of breath  
In trying to talk war to death.

To League or not to League!  
So does the question lie  
As put before the mind.  
Wise stay-at-homes now find  
That men went forth to die  
With that high purpose sole within their hearts,  
And so each one imparts  
The truth to us without the least fatigue  
To his own soul,  
While those who fought and found the goal  
They sought and now are done with it  
Reply "Oh hell, get on with it!"

So in two warring camps we split,  
The men who would get on with it  
And those whose little course were run  
If war and all its train were done  
And teaching, preaching, screeching, found no one  
To sit in wide-eyed marvel at their feet  
To hear them bleat.

Why not provide that those the sheep-like ones  
Who seek their fate as sheep bell-wethers seek,  
The mulish ones who follow after mares  
And those whose burdened souls would shift their cares

To Councillors, Mikados, Woodrows, Kings,  
Content with little places in such suns  
Of Destiny themselves, well knowing that the meek  
Are the inheritors of all that brings  
Contentment on the earth—that those apply  
As mandatories for the loving tutelage  
Of those benighted ones beneath the burning sky  
Of Africa or where the South Seas rage  
And teach and preach and screech their heart's content  
Upon their heads, and their lip-service yield  
To any League that deigns to lend its shield  
To hover them.

Then as was meant  
By all our fathers' words and deeds,  
Their monuments and screeds  
As we their sons know well their worth,  
Let those remaining, feet upon the earth  
Our fathers' blood made free  
Maintain that freedom to preserve its destiny.  
So shall Peace be.

## THE BIG FIVE

---

"All things invite  
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
Of order."

---

Five big strong men stood straight up in their boots  
And smiled, each at the other one, in fellowship.  
And now they dared confess it,  
How express it!  
"See here, I'll tell the world," said Sam,  
"If any son of a gun shoots  
His gat at one of us, or tries to get a grip  
On anything of his'n that ain't his,  
I'll jest make it my biz,  
And I don't give a damn  
Who 'tis!"  
What do you fellers say?  
Will you help out  
Same way  
If some fine day  
Ye hear me shout?  
Will ye draw cards and play?  
"Righto!" said John.  
Francois said "Bon!"  
And moved too much to speak  
Kissed Sam right on the cheek!  
"Si!" cried Antonio;  
The Samurai breathed "Bushido!"

"And now suppose" said Sam, "one of us guys  
Gets kind of sore  
Agin' some other guy about somethin' or other.  
I got sore once on my own mother.  
I've been in fam'ly rows before.  
Now s'pose each feller tries  
To see where trouble lies  
And straighten the thing out;  
There ain't a doubt  
All hands could fix it,  
Before he starts to mix it."

"Righto!" said John.  
Francois said "Bon!"  
And moved too much to speak  
Kissed Sam right on the cheek!  
"Si!" cried Antonio.  
The Samurai breathed "Bushido!"

"And now let's tell the world," said Sam,  
"Seein's we're under way,  
If any mean cuss sets  
His dog on any kid, or gets a-gettin' gay  
With helpless wimmin-folks and such  
And jest so much  
As puts a hand on 'em,  
By Heck!  
We'll all come bilin' down right on his neck."  
"Righto!" said John.  
Francois said "Bon!"  
And moved too much to speak  
Kissed Sam right on the cheek!  
"Si!" cried Antonio.  
The Samurai breathed "Bushido."  
"That's fine" said Sam.  
"We'll jest call it a day  
And go up to the League.  
The Sox are goin' to play."

## NOAH

---

**"The one just man alive; by his command  
Shall build a wondrous ark."**

---

Back in the Ark he cometh with his Covenant,  
High from the ridgepole its banner bright unfurled.  
Back to his job the President Perambulant  
Tucked in his pocket the job to run the world.

Now but the price remains that he must pay for it ;  
Only a song we may no longer sing ;  
Only a flag to lower to make way for it ;  
Only some paper scraps upon the wind to fling.

High in the Ark he chanteth loud his orison.  
Peers through a porthole and seeketh for a sign.  
And lo, a gull came winging from the horizon  
Fast in its greedy beak a sinker, hook, and line.



## DELIVERANCE

---

**"With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout  
Confusion worse confounded."**

---

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts and glad Te Deums  
chant!

And glory to our champion, our Henry of Nahant!  
Let the Administration rage and all its minions rant,  
For our Navarre has knocked the tar out of the Cov-  
enant.

And Washington, our Washington, that looked upon the  
fray

Again let rapture light thine eyes that things went well  
that day.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be constant in our joy,  
For cold and stiff and still lies that which would thy will  
destroy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! as Ivry won her freedom for fair  
France

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Henry and our deliverance!

Although our hearts were beating our courage was not  
damped;

We saw the army of the League—its votes all rubber-  
stamped.

The mild men and the wild men, its Prophet's chosen  
pets,

With Hitchcock's well-trained infantry and Underwood's  
cadets.

Entrenched sat tight fierce Overman; sat bone-dry Wil-  
liams tight,

While pawed and pranced proud Pomerene all eager for  
the fight.

And as we looked on them we thought of what our Col-  
onel said

And seemed to hear his spirit's wings swift beating over-  
head.

Then prayed we to our fathers whom perils could not  
daunt,

To rise up from their graves and fight with Henry of  
Nahant.

Now Henry comes to marshal us and point where we  
shall stand,  
His snow-white Panama rolled up like truncheon in his  
hand.  
He looked upon his comrades and his pride shone in his  
eye—  
He looked upon the Leaguers and his glance was stern  
and high.  
Right graciously he smiled on us as rolled from seat to  
seat  
Across our front a deafening shout, "Go to it; they're  
our meat!"  
"And if they seek to try more tricks with 'Politics ad-  
journd',  
For one can best stab in the back the while a back is  
turned,  
Press where ye see my truncheon wave amidst the ranks  
of war,  
And be your oriflamme today my snow-white Panama!"

Hurrah! the foes are moving; hark to the mingled din  
Of muttered curses, grunts, and groans as they their  
votes put in.  
The fiery Ashurst leads the way into the fierce melee  
And goes down into nothingness before our Brandegee.  
Swanson, the League's own Lohengrin, then dashes  
forth alone  
And meets him from Missouri, the Man who Must be  
Shown.  
Loud sounds the crash of splintered lance, and toppled  
from his steed  
Down goes the gentle Lohengrin; unbroken stands the  
Reed!

Brave clansmen twain from Erin's Isle met in the deadly  
fray,  
Shillalaghs shattered at their blows but nothing them  
could stay,  
Until young David chanced to think of his old name-  
sake's trick  
That slew the mighty Philistine and let go with a brick.

Then as his forebear smote the rock and made its waters  
flow  
So did the valiant Moses' mace the arid Jones lay low.  
"Now by the lips of those ye love, methinks we've got  
their goat!  
Strike as good Union men should strike, and pile up  
every vote!"

Now God be praised the day is ours—Hitchcock cries  
"Compromise!"

What were our Reservations then, to any but blind eyes!  
Bold Burleson has slunk away; Tumulty flies the field  
To tell the waiting Propheteer the pygmies would not  
yield,

But being not too proud to fight had won what seemed  
to be

The thing on which his heart was set, a Peaceless Vic-  
tory.

The ground was strewn with well-crossed t's and heaped  
with dotted i's

While from the wounded Leaguers came the sounds of  
mournful cries.

And then we thought of vengeance and all along our van  
"Remember now the Fourteen Points!" was passed from  
man to man.

But out spoke gentle Henry: "Those men are not our  
foe;

Forgive; they know not what they did; Let's go and get  
Woodrow!"

Oh was there ever such a Knight who would such mercy  
grant

As he our valiant champion, our Henry of Nahant!

Ho! maidens of Geneva; Ha! maids of gay Paree!

Weep, weep and rend your hair for those you never more  
shall see.

Those gallants of the Conference who found time with  
their schemes

For little dinners set for two and suppers at Maxim's;  
Those sages and those counsellors who only could un-  
bend

To pick up the dropped handkerchief of some new lady  
friend;

The Houses and the Bakers, the Lansings and the Creels,  
And all those little mannikins and all their little wheels.  
For the God who gave His Covenant in fire and in smoke  
Has sat in judgment on this Thing and said it should be  
broke.

Then glory to the God of Hosts and glad 'Te Deums  
chant!

And glory to our Champion, our Henry of Nahant!

## REQUIEM

---

"Twixt upper, nether and surrounding  
fires."

---

Who killed the Treaty?

"I" said Woodrow.

"I, with my No!

I killed the Treaty."

Who saw it die?

"I did," said Hi,

"Squashed like a fly.

I saw it die."

Who'll lay it out?

"I will," said Lodge,

"I will not dodge.

I'll lay it out."

Who'll send it roses?

"I," said George Moses,

"Nice prickly posies.

I'll send it roses."

Who'll toll the bell?

"I," said Bill Borah,

"She'll be a roarer!

I'll toll the bell."

Who'll build the box?

"I," said Phil Knox,

"Something that locks.

I'll build the box."

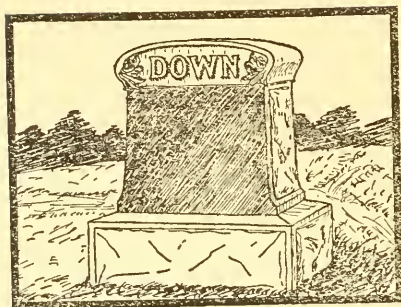
Who'll give the oration?

"I, Reed from Missouri!

Hell's bells and fury!

I'll give the oration!"

Who'll dig the grave?  
"We," said the people.  
"If we would save  
What the Lord gave  
We'll dig the grave."



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